A PAGE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

✣ ✣ ✣ STYLES TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WEARS MOURNING ✣ ✣ ✣

Gowns Which the Girl in Mourning May Wear and Appear Well at Moderate Cost

STREET gowns for the girl in mourning are of hopsacking and broadcloth. They are made very plainly, having as their only ornamentation strapping and plain crocheted buttons. A number of the prettiest are shown herewith.

The first is of plain black broadcloth, made with one of the three-quarter coats, with a black silk collar and stitching.

The second is of black hopsacking. The cape and collar are ornamented by stitching.

The third is of hopsacking strapped in bands of taffeta, which are stitched.

The fourth is a gown really for second mourning, as it is so elaborate. It is made of broadcloth. The lacing down the front of the blouse is done in heavy black cord.

The fifth is a three-quarter coat, strapped in bands of the same cloth as the gown, ornamented with black crocheted buttons. Black lynx or Russian lamb muffs are carried with these simple street suits.

GOOD STATIONERY AND GENIUS ARE GENERALLY STRANGERS

ONE of the curious problems of life is the irreconcilability between art and stationery. The greater the genius the worse the stationery, as a rule. The real genius never has a pen that is fit to use, unless he borrows it.

On the other hand, the commonplace person has a writing table appointed in proportion to his or her commonplaceness, and culminating in the bore's perfect paraphernalia, with sealing wax, long envelopes and everything else.

The genius never buys a pencil. He picks up his neighbor's. As for buying blotting paper—to buy it requires a peculiar moral effort. He rarely buys it. As to stamps, the genius usually buys these from her servant, one at a time. She rarely writes letters and consequently only requires stamps on rare occasions.

Of course, the genius is not stingy and must not be confounded with the one who is unable to spend more than 25 cents at a time for paper and stamps. This unfortunate person is usually wealthy and a woman. She will use the half sheets of other people's letters and has the cruel trick of crossing and recrossing the lines in her own. She has a passion for postal cards and hoards old and disused pens, rubber bands, old engagement books and pencil ends, simply because she finds it impossible to throw away anything connected with stationery. When forced to use the telegraph wires she will sit at a desk littered with silver trying to condense a message for the sake of a few pennies, until it is devoid of meaning and politeness.

His Thrill.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Do you know, colonel," said the beautiful grass widow, "that I had a strange thrill the first time you and I met?"

"So did I," he answered; "it was just like one I had once when a fire broke out in a hotel where I was stopping. I was on the tenth floor and ran to the window to see if there was a fire escape. There wasn't."

AMERICAN · GIRL'S · TRAVELS · THROUGH · EUROPE.

RAMBLES AMONG MANY PLACES OF HISTORIC AND SCENIC INTEREST ABOUT WHICH SHE WRITES ENTERTAININGLY FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

(BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.)

Lucerne, Nov. 20.

ONE sleeps in sarcophagi in Switzerland. My sister and I are quite accustomed by this time to climbing up to our high coffin-like beds and laying us meekly and flatly down, like dead noble dames, in diagonally opposite corners of the room, under stifling feather beds.

Sometimes, though, the feather beds are welcome, notably on top of the Rigi-Kulm, where we went, as all amateurs abroad do, to see the sun rise.

There's a narrow little track, up which the stanch little engine pushes the cars from behind—or backs down in front of them on the return trip. Odd little engines they are, backing up on themselves like wary little burros that have learned to put a brake on their hind feet on steep grades.

There are masses of ferns on either side of us as we leave the lake, a dewy, airiness of green, that is fittingly fairy-like. Further up the waterfalls begin to tumble down and run off across under the track. Now, one knows just how the Rhine was made, now that he sees these clear, mad little streams dashing over the high rocks, like a lot of boys playing follow the leader, in a dashing recklessness of consequences.

Among Beautiful Mountain Seenery.

Up here the scenery becomes typically Alpine. There are chalets backing up against the mountain in that same desperately stubborn way the engines have adopted. The trees are hemlock now, and they give way to rich green pastures, and these to jagged, gigantic gorges; and these to mountains and mountains and mountains. Such inspiring, dominating heights these are, not a hint of snow yet, yet nothing domestic about these clear-cut, towering slopes, which, however steeply rigid, are covered close with the freshest, most beautiful verdure. There is not a bare spot from the edge of the Lake of the Four Cantons to the very top of the Rigi, a mile above it.

But when we have climbed this mile straight up into the sky—the poor little engine labors so that one feels as though he shared in the efforts it makes—we find only a sea of mist. A wet, gray blanket hangs over all the universe. Behind it there are marvels to be seen, and we are up so high that the whole Swiss world lies at our feet. But the curtain is down, and we can only stare blankly at it and wonder when the show is to begin.

Up the long flights of steps to the hotel door, perched somewhere up further in the mist. Here in the big entrance hall, summoned by a gong as each trainload arrives from below, and standing like an operatic chorus about to burst forth into orchestrated melody, is the elegant head clerk, backed by all the waiters, stiff in long straight black lines and polished white surfaces; the porters with their long green aprons; the boots with their shorter ones; the gold-capped 'bus drivers, the majestic, Gothically decorative and accomplished porter, and every blessed maid the big establishment possesses, all of them in their costumes of black piped with red, their white chemisettes and black velvet bodices looped up with a profusion of silver filagree chains and buckles and pins.

But, oh! the discomfort of this big, pretentious hotel, up here where the thermometer registers at freezing point, and yet there is no fire in the rooms nor provision for any. We are told off to a little icebox of a room, for which we pay just twice as much as at any other hotel in Switzerland for not half so much comfort. There is an oilcloth on the floor—oh, pity! And a blast of ice-new air darts in upon one if the window be opened the smallest part of an inch. And over beside the door a printed notice prays one—no, threatens him in three different languages if he dare take a blanket out of the room to wrap about him as he wanders like a lost soul out in a hollow, iceberg hades in search of the promised glory.

No, it isn't very gay up here. And the only alternative is to stumble out into the fog, to wander about disconsolately and yearn and yearn unavailingly for the sun. Queer figures one meets. There is the tall, fat German, with the insignificant features, whom we call Tommy Traddles, and his wife. They are on their honeymoon and are shamelessly unashamed of it, having just given an exhibition in the car of their mutual delight that made every respectable Anglo-Saxon old maid in the party lose half the scenery on their side of the car. But now even their ardor is frozen. There are Tartarin and the lady, openly labeled "Tourist" in big capitals from the tip of their suspiciously new and altogether unnecessary alpenstocks to the nails in their boots and the cock's feather in their hats. And they are so much alike in their cloak-capes of green, her short skirt and his knickerbockers, that out here in fogland we can't tell them apart.

Sunshine and Darkness in a Long Battle.

Sunset is scheduled for 8 o'clock. But there is not the smallest sign of relenting on top. The fog and mist are pouring as from a cauldron from the unseen depths below. The Zug lake is lost. The Lake of the Four Cantons is lost. A melancholy glimmer comes tearfully through the clouds just once or twice from the searchlight on the Stanserhorn down at Lucerne. But there is no hope.

The prima donna has been taken suddenly ill and the performance is unavoidably postponed. After one more, last pilgrimage up to the top, after one last clinging to a vain hope, we give it up. It's a dramp, dreary bedtime. We are up at 10 o'clock speculating on the sunrise. We are up again at midnight. In the terrible, cold stillness a pale moon is battling with the clouds. We are up at 3 o'clock. Nothing but the station lights is visible. Everything is swallowed up. At 4:45 o'clock the hour set for the rising of the curtain—we are out on top with heavy eyes and red noses. Tommy Traddles in his great coat meets us and growls something in his beard to the effect that the thing is off and there's nothing to see.

It is 10 o'clock before the tide of battle changes. The impotent, irregular tentative rays of the sun make a supreme, a mighty effort, and the lake of Zug comes up smilingly green from below. The Four Cantons' lake glows and grows before our eyes till we are almost on an island of mountain, Pilatus, Rigi's brother and rival, stands out, and, encouraged by him, the Black Forest steps out bravely, and the Juras are seen way, way off in the low distance.

Into the Harbor of Earth's Beauty Spot.

And then, suddenly, far up at an incredible height, the Alps. Way, way, way up at the upper rim of the cloud ring they lift themselves.

There is something exquisitely light about their shining out of infinite space. They are majestic, for their bases are lost, as, dazzling white, they swim out on a sea of clouds of purest white. But they are supernaturally lovely and light and inspiring, a-l beyond any spectacle on earth in completeness and grandeur. They are precious stones in a setting of pearl white. They are magic, fairly islands sailing in a sea of foam. They are waves of crystal breaking on an inland lake. They are lights hung out in the heavens to challenge the sun. They are a dazzling glory and despair to the beholder. For they are so high, high, high, that there is nothing earthly in their loveliness, and their everlasting snows send back a challenging, shining smile to the sun that evokes them, but seems scarcely higher than they. You are looking for them at an appreciable distance above such comparative monsters is the Rigi, and even after the first diamond triangle detaches itself from the clouds and fixes itself in the sky, you still look too low for its neighbor. When the "couronnement" is complete you have them all—the jagged, twin Mythen, Todi, the saucy; the irregular Windgalle, Urirothstock, pointed awry; Titlis, the glittering; Finsterarhoorn and the Schreckhorn, and, way over to the right, in all her icy, awesome virginity, the Jungfrau.

They are all names to you at first, and you weary of the guide's glib patter about them. But after one has, in a way, been present at their birth up here on the heights, each assumes an individuality that invests it for always with a character of its own. But no pen can give an idea of their lightness, their beauty. And what the sunrise must be, no one who is not at once a Shakespeare to feel it, a Wagner to express it and a Nordica to sing it could make you realize.

If for some long-unrecognized virtue providence is in your debt, when you time has come for payment you will find yourself arriving at Lucerne by way of water, and just at evening, when the day has been warm. You will follow the narrow turns through which the lake squeezes itself like a green serpent. You will see, rising sheer from its bosom, such mountains as you could only conceive if you have not seen the panorama from the Rigi. Bowing awey from these, there will appear other greater, blacker ones toward the east, and behind these other greater ones folded back and back, till in a culminating perspective, most dramatically conceived and just in a cup-shaped hollow formed by the last and greatest, there will be a frost-crowned Alp shining down at you. As you sail up into the harbor of the loveliest spot on earth (save one, the water will be covered with a soft, translucent veil of after-heat, and the mountains near will be made of a soft haze of dull blue. Beyond the purple giants will tower, with the rose-gold crowned Alps to the south, and the whole—the gay promenade along the quay with its mile-long double row of glant chestnuts on delightfully intimate terms with the water, the pretty tennis courts just at the edge of the lake; the Kursaal gardens alive with light and music; the pretty villas along the shore, and the hills to the west, where the old thirteenth century wall and the nine towers are, will be all steeped in the tenderest lilac, even the dissolving melting, changin, iridescent, opalescent cream of the lake itself.

It may even happen that the evening of your arrival will be the night of the Seenachtfest itself, as was the case with two travelers I know. Then there will be in addition the gay little regatta with ballets going on amid the electric lights. And the Lucerne-corner of the many cornered lake will be starred with boats with jolly little red Chinese lanterns. The big hotels will shine out in electrically lit lines or festooned in colored light. The fountains will sparkle in green or red or gold.

Red bengal lights will show the mediaeval outlines of the peace and war museum. The old covered bridge that was built about seven centuries ago will be a bridge of light, with its cupola and the stork on top lovely in blue and red and gold. Pilatus itself (the patron saint of Lucerne; every Swiss town has one especial mountain—and a certain sort of chocolate—shrined in all hearts and above all heads) comes out of the fog and sends a greeting ray of light. The Stanserhorn's searchlight and glittering road clear up to the top will do its best, Sonnenberg will be aglow with red light. And from the bridge a grand burst of rocks will end in an Arnold Winkelried statue in points of flaming light.

Visit to a Monastery and Historic Places.

The next morning you will take a walk through the town and see the Lion of Lucerne. It was superb to cut it out of the solid rock, after leveling off the face of the high cliff, leaving every crack and seam as nature had builded it, and then a third the distance from the bottom, scoop out the rock for a shallow cave, and in it chisel the beautiful, big, wounded animal, one paw lying in pitiful helplessness over the ledge, the big, broad head bent, the great, strong body quivering in the last agony. It was a fine, poetic thought of Thorwaldsen's, but I fail to see its application to the death of Louis XVI's Swiss guards.

There will be the old monastery up on the hill to see—so much more interesting than the painfully restored church—where the barefooted, tonsured Capuchins in their heavy brown, woolen robes and rope girdles have rude porringers full of food for every beggar who climbs up along the winding road with its wall of piled-up stones, and its shrines every dozen yards, picturing the way to the Cross. Beautiful old trees shade the way and the monastery garden, shut in by tiled walls, looks a very haven of peace and plenty. The door of the chapel is hooded over with brown, square-cut rafters, and within, the pictures of the Virgin are fringed thickly with crude, mutely symbolical prayers, tiny, waxen arms and legs and hearts and babies, hung there by devout and unimaginative sufferers.

You will find the broad, clean streets full of English-speaking people as you descend into the town. There are more English and Americans here than in all the other continental pleasure places put together—except Paris. And you will make your way past the strolling women in their pretty, light summer toilettes and the men in their linens and flannels, down to the old diagonal bridge, where the washerwomen's barges are moored beside the swift-flowing Reuss, over whose clear, green water they bend, their muscular arms beating out the stains.

Men and Women of all Nationalities There.

The Jungfrau looks absurdly unreal from Interlaken. As you sit facing it at your window—all Interlaken faces the Jungfrau, it is a town of shallow hotels, with no backs to them—you admit that it is truly a dramatic thing, but you can't believe it a true one. A great, broad V-shaped piece has been cut out of the high mountains, and in this sensational setting the ice queen and her satellites stand out in the brilliant afternoon sun with a boldness, a bigness, a purity, a hard, immaculate whiteness that is altogether too pronounced, too fortunate, too wonderful to be true. You have the impression at first that some showman has held back the Titanic curtains for a second in order to give you a peep at the glory behind. But though you blink and rub your eyes, the thing still stays there. And then you feel a desire to smile patronizingly, and criticise the too palpable contrasts between the black-green foreground and the shimmering, blazing white behind. There is such an evident intention to overdo, to overpower your taste and judgment by a big, surprising thing. One sees so much of it, and at one's ease, that he cannot credit his good fortune.

Interlaken itself is at its best in the evening. Then the great procession of hotels (I counted forty gold-capped omnibus men at the station, waiting to pounce upon unwary travelers) is all aglow with light, and in the tea garden attached to each a band is playing, a Spanish dancer is pirouetting, a good vaudeville artist is entertaining. The gorgeous Kursaal is crowded with men and women of all nationalities, listening to the music, eating and drinking and smoking, chatting and flirting.